

# The Saturday Evening Post

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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## LINES

Written on the Banks of the Brandywine.

Oh lovely nature, mid so fair a scene,  
As this which spreads before my raptured eyes,  
Yon lucid stream, that gently glides serene,  
Yon plains, and hills, and leafy woods so green,  
And yon all-glorious over-arching skies.

In such a scene, where God with bounteous hand,  
Hath scattered rich luxuriance over all,  
Clothing in verdure bright, this smiling land,  
Oh shall not I be blest, and feel my soul expand,  
And on his blessed name in grateful reverence call.

O yes, and I were happy, did not grief  
Pour its dark flood from recollections urn,  
Drowning the bliss that else, not all so brief,  
Would give to wailing sorrow some relief,  
And bid the thoughts of anguish cease to burn.

Spring hath return'd, and robes of every hue,  
Now decks in bright array its new-born youth;  
But thou, with whom its charms once brighter grew,  
Heart-breaking thought—Oh thou canst never view,  
Again the scenes which warm'd thy soul of truth.

Alas! how can I bear, when memory swells,  
When thou, my sister, cannot with me share;  
Tears, when all of thee and sorrow tells,  
And o'er the fairest landscape grief doth dwell,  
A mental gloom that borders on despair.

Farewell the light that glimmer'd o'er the west,  
Thou'lt well be changed for night's congenial gloom,  
For darkness fits such sad remembrance best,  
As this which lingers still a cherished guest,  
Oh bids me weep o'er Harriet's timeless doom.

MAMLET.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## TO —

When first I saw thee in thy youth,  
Thou shone such sweetness round thee,  
Thy lips that spoke that promise of truth,  
As fair virtue crown'd thee.

Thy azure eye beam'd peace divine,  
Yet still thy tongue deceiv'd me,  
For none could doubt such vows as thine,  
And I too soon believed thee.

For when thy vows my fancy led,  
To judge by heaven were truly plighted,  
Such dreams of bliss their radiance spread,  
That all my hours with peace united.

But yet too soon these joys have fled,  
For thou hast proved unkind, untrue,  
And sorrow o'er this heart hath led,  
A gloom, which once it never knew.

And when in pride to thee I was given,  
And thou hadst vowed to prove sincere,  
I thought thy virtue pure as heaven,  
Nor dream'd of sorrow so severe.

But go thou false deluding man,  
Perhaps thy best those ties should sever,  
Though joys endure so short a span,  
Still painful memory lives forever.

Then must I cherish vain regret,  
Or grieve to dwell with painful sorrow;  
Alas! those tears this cheek hath wet,  
Still cause me smiles of joy to borrow.

But go—'tis true I feel the smart,  
And such as heart can scarce endure;  
For keen affliction's thorny dart,  
Has gave the wound no aid can cure.

May blessings every where attend thee,  
May angels guard thee night and day,  
May heaven in mercy e'er defend thee,  
And guide thee from temptation's way.

Think not I ever can forget thee,  
Although we part, affliction still  
Shall prove a refuge to protect thee,  
From ceaseless unremitting will.

Then fare thee well, and yet forever,  
Still this heart shall fondly glow,  
With purest feeling ceaseless never,  
Closest blessings to bestow.

ELLEN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Give me the youth whose cheering smile,  
Pours a heart sincere and kind;  
Whose lips ne'er breathed the breath of guile,  
Or repudiate his heart entwined.

Give me the youth whose bosom glows  
With fond affection's purest kind,  
Whose looks, whose actions all disclose,  
The true perfection of his mind.

Give me the youth whose ardent soul,  
Would fondly every woe beguile;  
And each prosaic sigh control,  
And gladden sorrow with a smile.

A heart like this, replete with love,  
And every grace combin'd,  
By choice with fervour would approve,  
For such would please my mind.

ELLEN.

## PHILIDA'S RESOLUTION.

Oh! should I ask thee to dance on the green,  
To answer him "No," which will plague him I deem.

But if he is pressing, and begs with a kiss,  
I'll modestly answer him—Yes, Colin, yes.

Should he venture so far as to ask me to wed,  
The first time I'll blush and I'll hang down my head.

But the next time he asks me, perchance with a  
Kiss,

I'll hold up my head, and say—Yes, Colin, yes.  
And then when he asks me, what day it shall be,  
I'll answer with carelessness, "Any for me!"

Oh! I think my dear Colin, 'twould suit me to  
Marry.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## SABBATH MEDITATIONS.

Man, in his original state of purity, received an immediate influx, from the Lord, of Divine Love into his will, and Divine Wisdom into his understanding. As the will is the more interior faculty of the mind, this Heavenly and Divine Love was the ruling principle, which animated and enlivened all his thoughts, words and actions; and Wisdom in his understanding, flowed thence, as a stream of intelligence, enlightening and directing all the inferior principles of his mind.

But self-love, that fruitful source of evil, insinuating itself by plausible, though false, reasonings, induced man to renounce his dependence on God, and to trust in his own strength. "Ye shall be as Gods, knowing good and evil," was the delusive promise; and man, choosing evil, in preference to good, was brought at length into an awful state of corruption.

By this unhappy change, man so separated himself from his Creator, that the immediate influence, heretofore his whole happiness, lost its efficacy, and, therefore, the All-merciful God, condescended to address Himself to His creatures, in another way.

A corrupt will is farther removed from the Divine life, than a perverted understanding. Hence, Divine precepts, in natural and external language, suited to the fallen nature of man, were presented to his understanding, which, when received and cherished there, become the happy means of elevating the affections of his will, from earthly to heavenly things; and just in proportion as this elevation is effected, man approaches his original state.

Agreeable to this order of Divine Providence, all nations, in every age of the world, have possessed some kind of external Religion, which has tended, in some way or other, to direct their worship to the Great Supreme, and to inspire them with feelings of charity and good will towards each other. Therefore, while the Christian is rejoicing in the superior light which he derives from the sacred Scriptures, he must never forget, that "God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation, he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted of Him."

AMETHYST.

The following beautiful and descriptive Extract is taken from Sermons published under the title of the Scotch Preacher.

"Twice had the sun gone down upon the earth, and all as yet was quiet at the sepulchre; Death held his sceptre over the Son of God; still and silent the hours passed on; the guards stood by their posts, the rays of the midnight moon gleamed upon their helmets, and on their spears; the enemies of Christ exulted in their success; the hearts of his friends were sunk in despondence and in sorrow; the spirits of glory waited in anxious suspense to behold the event, and wondered at the depth of the ways of God. At length the morning star, arising in the east, announced the approach of light; the third day began to dawn upon the world, when on a sudden the earth trembled to its centre, and the powers of heaven were shaken; an angel of God descended, the guards shrunk back from the terror of his presence and fell prostrate on the ground; his countenance was like lightning, and his raiment was as white as snow; he rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre, and set upon it. But who is this that cometh forth from the tomb, with dyed garments from the bed of death? He that is glorious in his appearance, walking in the greatness of his strength! It is your Lord. He hath trodden the wine-press alone; he hath stained his raiment with blood; but now as the first born from the womb of nature, he meets the morning of his resurrection. He arises a conqueror from the grave; he brings salvation to the sons of men. Never did the returning sun usher in a day so glorious! It was the jubilee of the universe. The morning stars sung together, and all the sons of God shouted aloud for joy; the Father of Mercies looked down from his throne in the heavens; with complacency he saw his world restored; he saw his work that it was good. Then did the desert rejoice; the face of nature was gladdened before him, when the blessings of the Eternal descended as the dew of heaven for the refreshings of the nations."

## BOUNDARIES OF CHRISTENDOM.

Take a map of the world, and encircle with your pencil those countries where woman is not a prisoner or a slave; where life and property are secured by any thing like a well regulated police; where civilized manners have obtained, and general science has burst the fetters of the mind, and you will encircle precisely those regions on which the rays of revelation shine. The boundary of light is the pale of Christendom.

To a handsome Lady, by the Hon. Charles J. Fox.

DEAR MADAM—As you occupy a good house, and are able to furnish it in proper manner, will you accept a little friendly advice? As your building is framed of the finest materials, it will immediately show any flaw or spot that may accidentally tarnish its surface. It is of a proper height, a well-proportioned size, and built on a regular plan. On the top stands a turret, of a globular form, with two crystal windows in front; these are so constructed as to command an extensive prospect, and, if always kept clear and bright,

will prove of considerable use, as well as ornament, to the house. I advise you not to look through them at every object that passes, and to shut them early at night, as many disagreeable circumstances happen through the neglect of this particular; but you may open them as early as you please in the morning. On each side I discover a small portal to receive company; pray take care they do not always stand open, as they will be crowded with visitors, and with some you do not like; never let them be shut against your parents, your real friends, and supplicating distress. I took notice of one gate at the front, at which all your company go out; I recommend to you, in general, to keep it close barred, lest if any bad character should be forthcoming, you draw scandal on your residence. When you do open it, I would lay an injunction of watchfulness on the two porters who stand as sentinels, in liveries of scarlet, just without the ivory palisade. Some ill-advised persons paint the panels just below the windows, which I hope you will never do. This part of the edifice is supported by a pillar comparable to Corinthian marble; beneath is the great hall, in which I understand you have a small cabinet of exquisite workmanship; in this I believe you receive your friends, as well as retire secretly to yourself—be careful to keep it clear. The tenement you inhabit is subject to decay, both of beauty and of strength; during the little time you have already been in it, repairs have frequently been wanting. These you may consider as plain indications that, in a certain number of years, the house itself must fall. You are only a tenant at will, and may be turned out with or without warning; be always ready, therefore, to go at a moment's warning, and be particular to keep the furniture of the globular turret, and the contents of the little cabinet, in good order, that you may lay your hands upon them without perplexity or confusion. It will be in vain to attempt to clear and arrange them, as some have fancied they could, in the hurry and bustle of a sudden removal. Neglect of this necessary precaution, has proved an injury to thousands. One thing I would observe, that when you quit the house, no other tenant will inhabit it, but it will be in waste and ruins—yet the proprietor will, sometime or other, rebuild it for your reception, and so refined and modified, that it will be liable to no accident or decay, as it will be reared in a new place. I heartily wish it may be in a finer country, under a milder climate, and well sheltered from all storms; then will your situation be happy and honourable, and your lease will never expire.

FROM THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

## THE CHINESE.

The exalted representations of the empire and inhabitants of China, communicated to the Europeans by the early Jesuit Missionaries, are universally acknowledged to be too highly coloured in fact. These erroneous views proceeded partly from too implicit a reliance upon the statements of the Chinese themselves; but it may very safely be allowed without incurring the charge of excessive credulity, that these descriptions of the relatively improved state of China, were by no means so devoid of foundation, at the time when they were made, as they must appear in the present day. Most of them were written from about the middle of the 16th, to the middle of the 17th century.

While the use of silk was introduced as a curiosity by the sovereigns of France and England, the peasantry of China was entirely clothed with that elegant manufacture. When the nobility of England were sleeping on beds of straw, those of China were reposing upon silken mattresses. While the European ladies had skewers instead of pins, and had not even a conception of the present appendages of the toilet, the Chinese fair had their needle work, paint boxes, and trinkets of ivory, silver, mother of pearl, &c. When the art of improving vegetables by culture was scarcely known in Europe, the Empire of China was comparatively a garden. The first missionaries were powerfully impressed with these views, and spoke of them in the most glowing language.

It is unquestionable, however, that the more the Europeans have had opportunities of personal observation, and the more they have been made acquainted with the state of things in China, the more have proofs accumulated of the inferiority of this boasted and boasting people, in these very respects in which they were most extolled. Enough is now ascertained respecting their state and habits, to warrant the conclusion, that they are but little advanced in civilization, beyond the infancy of what is called agricultural society; and that when compared with the nations of Europe at this moment, they can only be said in the words of Mr. Barrow, "to be great in trifles, while they are trifling in every thing that is great." Their letters, if we may so call them, are mere symbols of ideas. Their philosophy seems yet in so rude a state, as hardly to deserve that appellation. They have no ancient monuments, from which their origin can be traced even by plausible conjecture. Their sciences are wholly exotic, and their mechanic arts, have nothing in them characteristic of any particular family.

A GOOD THING.

It is with ridicule as with compassion, we do not like to be the solitary objects of either; and whether we are laughed at or pitied, we have no objection to sharers, and fancy we can lessen the weight by dividing the load. A gentleman who was present at the battle of Leipzig, told me a humorous anecdote which may serve to illustrate the above position. After the signal defeat of the French at this memorable action, Leipzig became full of a mixed medley of soldiers of all arms and of all nations; of course a great variety of coin was in circulation there. A British private, who was attached to the rocket brigade, and who had picked up a little broken French and German, went to the largest hotel in Leipzig, and displaying an English shilling to the landlord, inquired if this piece of coin was current there. O yes, replied he, you may have whatever you please for that money; it passes current here at present. Our fortunate Randolph, finding himself in such compliant quarters, called about him most lustily, and the most sumptuous dinner the house could afford, washed down by sundry bottles of the most expensive wines, was despatched without ceremony. On going away, he tendered at the bar the identical shilling which the landlord had inadvertently led him to expect was to perform such wonders. The stare, the shrug, and the exclamation, elicited from "mine host of the garter," by such a tender, may be more easily conceived than expressed. An explanation very much to the dissatisfaction of the landlord took place, who quickly found that nothing more was likely to be got, but also that the laugh would be tremendously heavy against him. This part of the profits he had a very christian wish to divide with his neighbour. Taking, therefore, his guest to the street door of his hotel, he requested him to look over the way. Do you see, said he, that large house opposite? That fellow, the landlord of it, is my sworn rival, and nothing can keep this story from his ears, in which case I shall never hear the last of it. Now my good fellow, you are not only welcome to your entertainment, but I will instantly give you a five frank piece into the bargain, if you will promise, on the word of a soldier, to attempt the same trick with him, to-morrow, that succeeded so well with me to-day. Our veteran took the money, and accepted the conditions; but having buttoned up the silver very securely in his pocket, he took leave of the landlord with the following speech, and a bow that did no discredit to Leipzig. Sir, I deem myself in honour bound to use my utmost endeavours to put your wishes into execution; I shall certainly do all I can, but I must candidly inform you that I fear I shall not succeed—since I played the very same trick with that gentleman yesterday—and it is to his particular advice alone that you are indebted for the honour of my company to-day.

## Sketches of Uncommon Characters.

DR. FOTHERGILL.

Among the distinguished characters with whose names we have essayed to adorn our columns, the amiable and benevolent Quaker, Dr. Fothergill, for his exalted virtues, deserves to be introduced.

He was on the road, and alone; a highwayman crossing his path, demanded his purse. The assailant was a youth, and his agitated frame visibly betrayed the perturbation of his soul. Fothergill expostulated; but the unfortunate invader persisted in his demand. You are, said the humane physician, in the morning of life, and unskilled in the walks of vice; your mind is abhorrent to your present course; extraordinary circumstances must have conspired to drive you upon so desperate an expedient. Here is what may answer your present exigencies; and he presented his purse. This is no place for particular inquiries, but my name is Fothergill. I practice physic in London; possibly you may have heard of me. If you can put confidence enough in me, call upon me there; my lodgings may easily be found, and I promise you I will be your friend.—How dignified are the steps of a man, seeking to reclaim, by such extraordinary efforts too, a fellow creature, posting in the high road to destruction! Some mornings after, the good Doctor is seated at the breakfast table. A stranger very importunately requests to see him; he supposes a patient, and his humane feelings are immediately engaged. It was indeed a patient; his disease, however, of the mind I kind. The son of adversity presents. I come sir, relying upon, and confiding in the fame of your unsullied virtues; and he prostrated himself at his feet.

They instantly retired to a private apartment, and the unpractised culprit unbosomed himself to this excellent man. An erroneous education, sir, hath been the source of my ruin. My father bred me a gentleman, yet, in that character it was not in his power to support me. I was early initiated into a life of dissipation, and amid the licentious round, I am stripped of every farthing; no friendly hand presents; the walks of rectitude are barred against me, nor is there an avenue which I can enter; but one alternative remained, either to arm myself against my own life, or point the pistol at the breast of another; a love of

existence prevailed, and I have abandoned with impious despair, the man on whom the welfare of a very large proportion of my fellow creatures depends! yet my reliance on your honour, sir, is implicit; if your means, I could be placed any where out of the knowledge of those who have witnessed my follies, where I might obtain support, my obligation to you would be eternal. White robed mercy still triumphed in the bosom of the doctor; after some deliberation, he proposed to our young man some honourable employment. He had no objection, provided he could be taken out of the country, which had witnessed his misfortunes. Our man of feeling was joined, he would consider what might be done for him; he did, effectually; through his interest, in the course of a few days, he was provided for in the East India Company. The station of the young adventurer was lucrative; two or three years enriched him beyond his utmost hopes; and he returned penetrated with the deepest sense of his patron's benignity. Once more he prostrates himself at the feet of the doctor. Take, sir, take the life, the fortune, of the man you saved from destruction.

## CHARLES H. AND COCKPEN.

The licentiousness and thoughtlessness of the second Charles of England, has become proverbial.—His good nature, which qualifies these, but is atones for his ingratitude to those who suffered forfeiture and persecution in his cause. When he remained in Scotland, suffering rebuke and censure, before the battle of Worcester, his chief confident and associate, was the laird of Cockpen, called by the nicknaming manners of those times, Blythe Cockpen. He followed Charles to the Hague, and by his skill in playing Scotch tunes, and his sagacity and wit, much delighted his merry monarch. Charles's favourite time was *Brose and Butter*. It was played to him when he went to bed, and he was awakened in the morning by it. At the restoration, however, Blythe Cockpen was forgotten, and he wandered among the lanes which he once owned in Scotland, poor and unbefriended. He wrote to court, but his letters were not regarded. Wearied and incensed he travelled to London, and placed himself in all public places, thinking that the eye of his majesty might reach him. But he was never noticed, and his mean garb did not suit the rich and embroidered doublets of court; so he was insulted and pushed from the king's presence. At length he attempted by cunning what he could not accomplish by plain dealing. He ingratiated himself with the king's organist, who was so enraptured with Cockpen's wit and powers of music, that he consented to his request of playing before the king at divine service. He accordingly played, with exquisite skill, yet never attracted his majesty's eye. But at the close of the service, instead of playing the common tune used, he played up *Brose and Butter*, with all its characteristic merriment! In a moment the astonished organist was ordered into the king's presence.—"My liege, it was not me!" he cried and dropped upon his knees. "You," cried his majesty in a delirium of rapture, "you could never play it in your life—where's the man? let me see him!" Cockpen presented himself on his knees. "Ah! Cockpen, it is you. Lord, man, I was like to dance coming out of the church!"—"I once danced too," said Cockpen, "but that was when I had land of my own to dance on."—"Come with me," said Charles, taking him by the hand, "you shall dance to *Brose and Butter* on your own lands again, to the tenth generation!" and he was as good as his promise.

## WHALING.

The following animated description of the most enterprising and hazardous part of this business, is from the pen of a practical whaler, and may consequently appear rather technical to many of our readers. The language which is attributed to the person commanding a boat, will be found with very slight variation to be literally that of the greater number of the whale officers in the Pacific Ocean.—*Nantucket Inquirer*.

The man at the mast head upon the look out, having discovered whales, vociferates with all his might—"There she blows!" The captain immediately exclaims—"Where away?" and "How far off?" and being answered as to their being to windward, to leeward, right ahead, or astern, he now goes aloft himself to determine that they are sperm whales, and which way bound.—We will now suppose that they are three points off the larboard bow, distant about three miles, and heading along the same course as ship. Now the captain cries, "Keep her off two points;" which being done, his next order is, "Steady—steady as she goes." The weather braces a small pull—"Loose top gallant sails, there, bear a hand." Scarcely a hand is to be found on deck after these orders are executed, except the helmsman; all are eagerly jumping aloft to catch sight of the whales previous to their going down—and hope and fear are alternately expressed in the faces of all as the fish are seen to glide through the water rapidly, and in a straight course, or occasionally to play upon the surface—in *lob-tail* it is the technical term.—The ship nearing the whales, the next order is, "See the lines in the boats!" "Swing the cranes!" The after oarsman now fills his boat keg with water, puts some bread under the stern sheets, and sees that a bucket is in the boat.—We will suppose that the whales are now rounding and the captain having run down with the ship as near as he thinks advisable, orders the main-top-sail to be backed; all hands are now straining their optics to discover the whales when they first blow. They are at length seen some distance from the ship. "Stand by the boats, there," cries the captain, and each man knowing his station, is found at his respective boat, eager for the chase. "Lower away!"—the boats are precipitated into the water, and the crews are at their oars in a twinkling. After pushing from the ship, it takes some 2 or 3 minutes for the harpoon to adjust his craft, he then seats him on his thwart, and takes his oar; now then the officer who heads the boat, cries, "Lane your oars boys, pull ahead—(a lapse of 2 or 3 minutes)—pull ahead, I tell you, work don't ye—O how they lay, heads and points, look at 'em—pull ahead, I tell ye—long and strong, head boat, I say—(an interval of about 60 seconds)—Every man do his best—lay back I tell ye, (suddenly)—why don't ye spring—don't let that last row ye spring, I tell ye, (authoritatively)—there they be, round and round with 'em for lead's sake pull ahead, (unbearingly)—(a lapse of a few seconds)—Every thing—every thing I've got in my chest I'll give ye, do spring, boys—get on first, now then, back to the thwart—her the touch, I feel ye, (monstrously)—now off, only five oars out, spring, (loudly)—best, pull all, every soul of ye (loudly)—I'll give you all my substance, every







and continues to feed them, regardless of the...  
[Gloucester Farmer.]

INTERESTING FACTS.—It has been stated to...  
[Gloucester Farmer.]

NEWSPAPER DEBTS.—The conduct of some...  
[Gloucester Farmer.]

## Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday, July 12, 1823.

"THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE."  
Another new Publication, has been ushered...

DEATH BY LIGHTNING.  
On Monday last about 1 o'clock, Mr....

SUICIDE.—Early on Thursday morning, July...

"Jealousy, that green-eyed monster,"  
had caused her to rush unsummoned to the bar...

ACCIDENT.—On the night of the 4th inst.,  
three or four men were ascending the Schuyl...

"YOR'S COURT".—On Monday last, sentence...

AN OLIVER, FOR "ROWLAND."  
We are pleased to see, in the *alem* (N. J.)...

Mr. Nicholas, whose ventriloquist powers are in...

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